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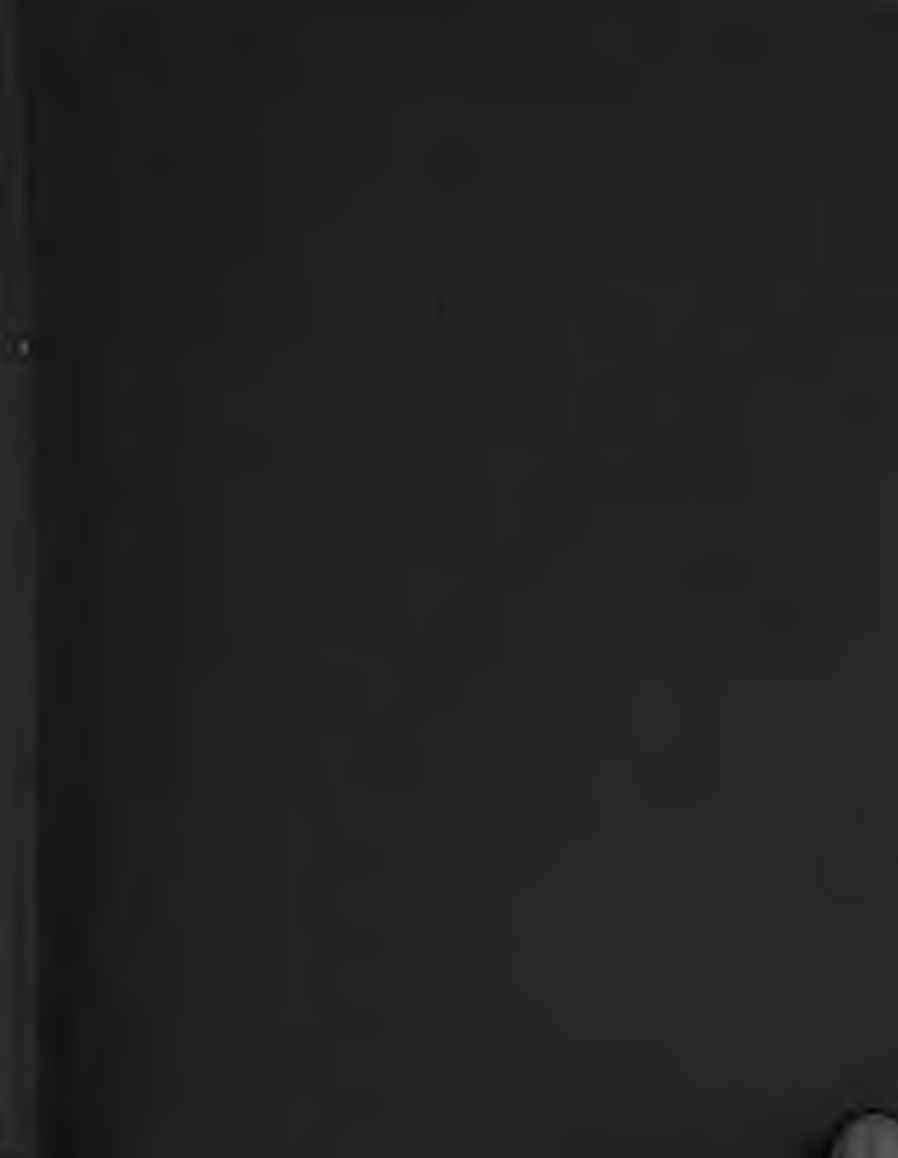
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AND OTHER DROLL STORIES  
— BY ELBERT HUBBARD —

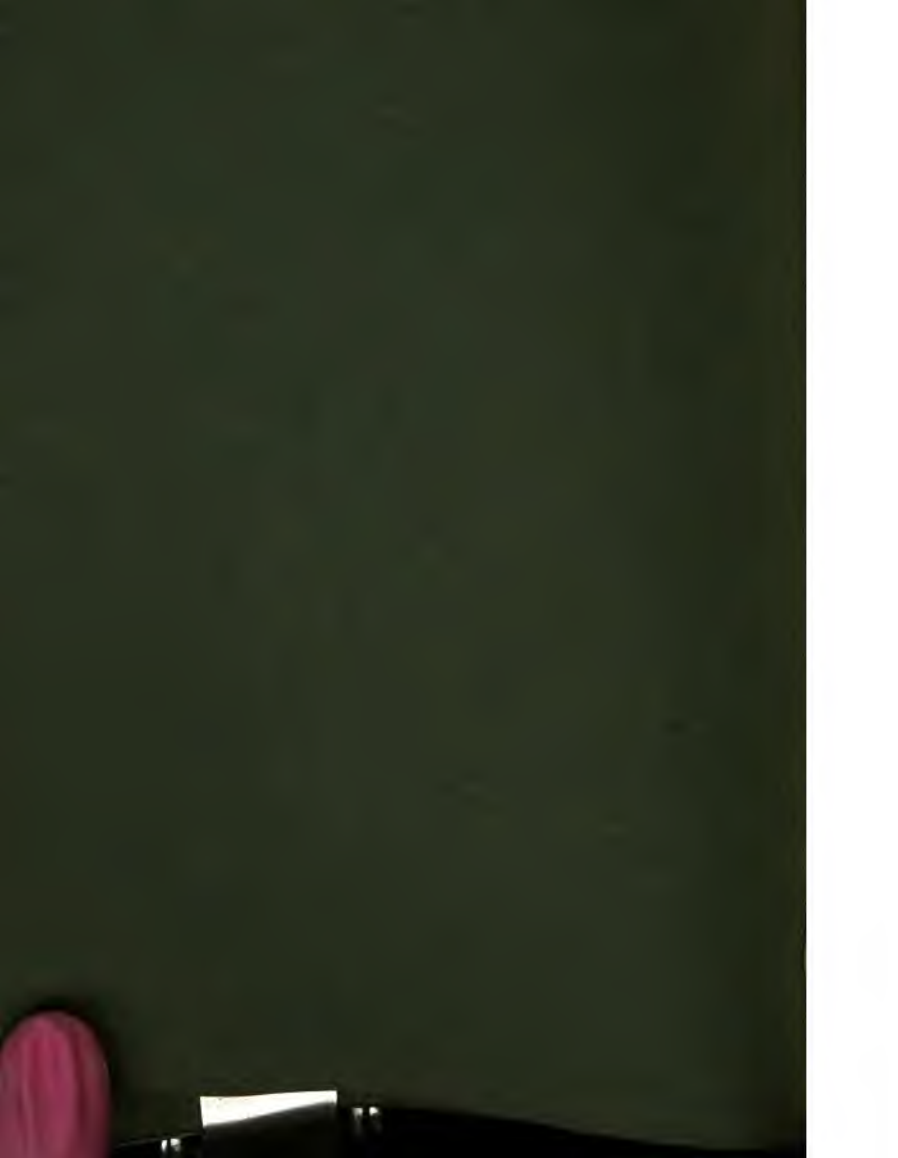


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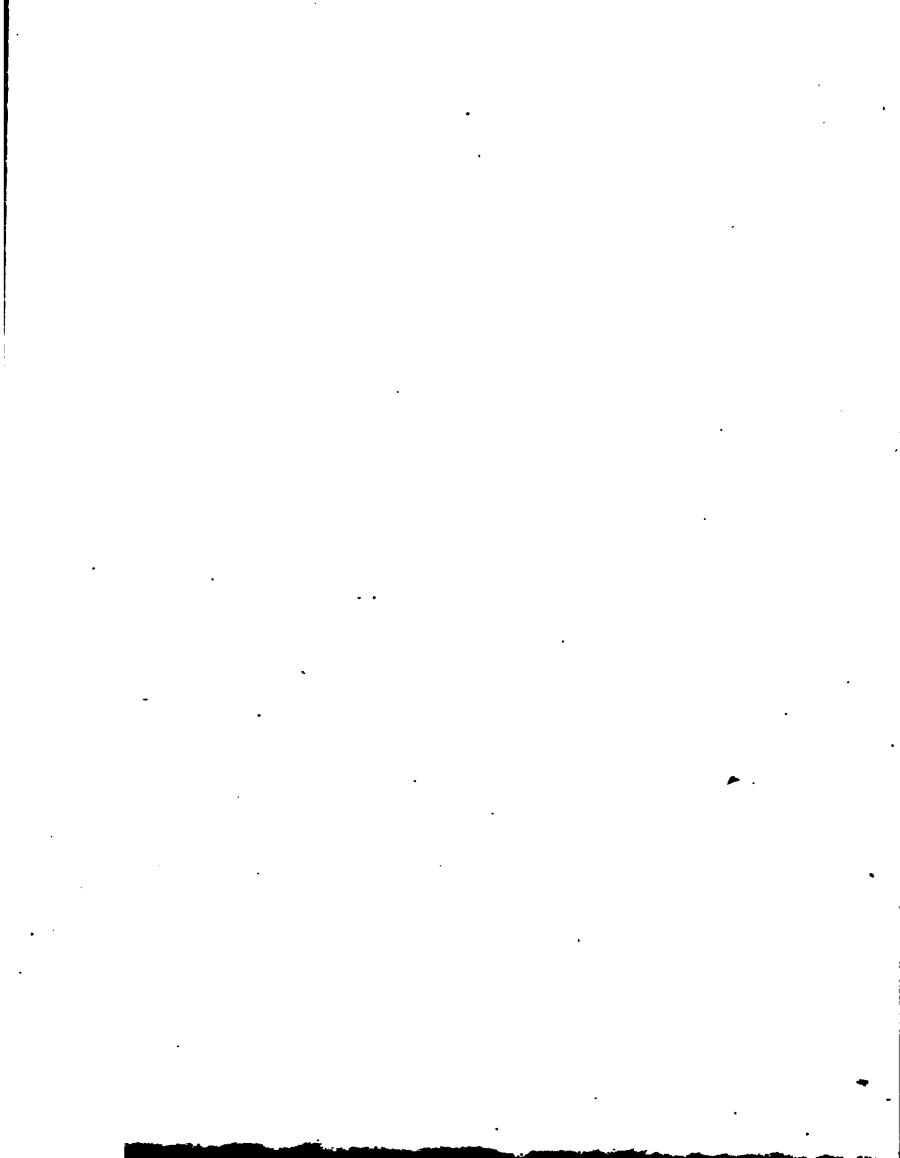
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# QUEEN OF THE PORCH

AND OTHER  
DROLL STORIES

By Elbert Hubbard



THE ROYCROFTERS  
East Aurora, New York



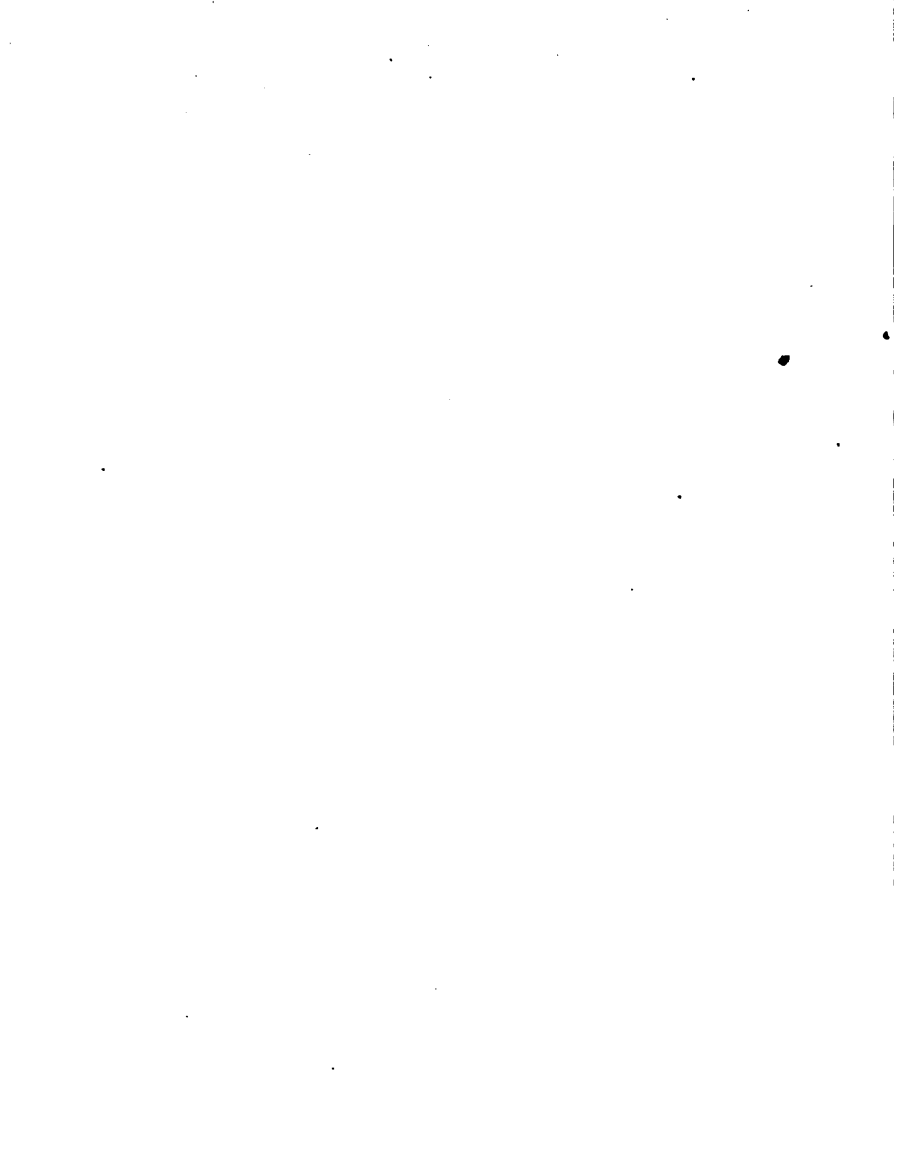
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# **QUEEN OF THE PORCH**

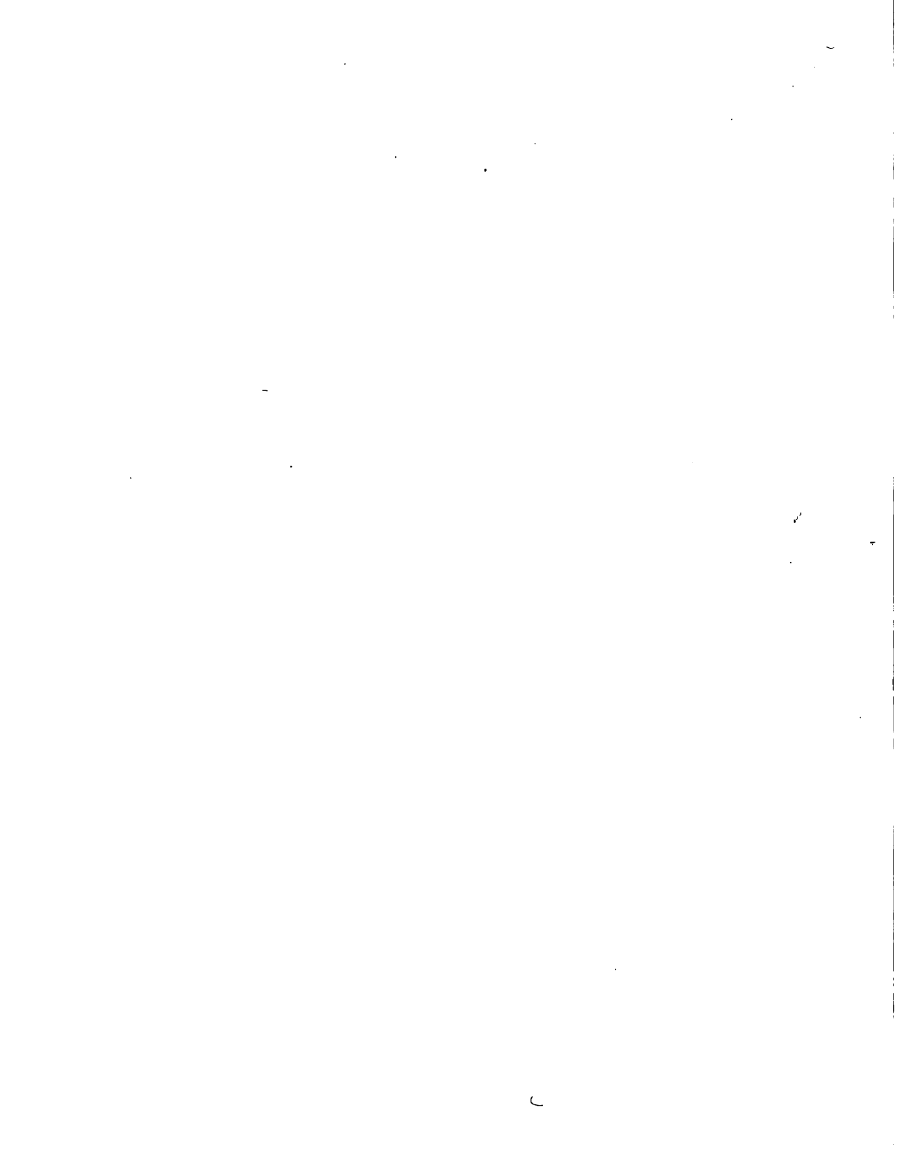


## **ALACK!**

The man with the bellows cometh not ;  
Lingereth he where the growler  
Foams at high noon?  
You interrogate.  
Aye, there 's the message.  
Stillness smothers herself in silence ;  
Adjust the goggles and

## **OBSERVE!**

There 's dust on papa's whiskers.





## QUEEN OF THE PORCH

**T**HE genus Porcher, when it evolves into Queen of the Porch, is a curious creature. She is apt to breakfast in bed, but about eleven o'clock, emerges and scraps for her chair on the veranda of the Summer Hotel.

¶ Then she retails her troubles to her neighbor, dilating on her maladies.

¶ Her vocation is to catch all passing scandal in the maw of her mind, regurgitating it later for the delectation and divertisement of her kind—male and female.

Her vocation is to put your enemy in communication with your friends.

She knows everything and nothing. This last is strictly true—she knows nothing that is worth knowing. She has a smattering of literature, a jigger of science, gotten from “Natural Law in the Spiritual World,” and talks French like a cow. An alimoner de luxe with nothing to do, and all the time there is to do it in—a consumer who produces nothing but immoral, mental ptomaine; a victim of high heels and open-work lingerie that reveals charms which would be luscious if they were not o’er-ripe!

At dinner she appears in a wondrous costume, looking like a book done by apprentices of the Woman’s Guild, bound in three-fourths pig, hand-tooled in gaudy gold, after designs by Chippendale. Her shirt-waists are always peek-a-boo exceedingly—the chiaroscuro peculiarly pleasing.

¶ Female charms, grown gross and tipped to t’ other side, give cause for pathological

disturbances, and there are confidential utterances to every man with bushy whiskers who looks like a doctor, as to her experience on the table, for the pleasures of the table have been hers.

To plain, unprofessional people she merely shows her familiarity with ether, which she says she prefers to chloroform, and gives her reasons why. The lingo of the operating room is to her familiar, and mirrors the spiritual quality of her cosmos.

¶ The moving motive of her mind seems to be a hot desire to drive the waiters to drink, to hurry the chef into paresis, make a mental wreck of the head clerk, and give all good people the Number Six peewees. All of her passions are pretence, her friendships a mistake, her enmity the bite of a bluebottle. Her conversation is worse than to be stripped, Mazeppa-like, and eaten by young ducks.

She would like to be an adventuress, but



lacks the nerve, as well as the capacity. She affects to be religious, is often shocked, and occasionally at lectures tramps out if the argument gets too warm.

The night-watchman sends her to bed, so they can scrub the veranda and partially obliterate her aura; the housekeeper forces her to get up at ten o'clock in the morning, so the chambermaids can put the room to rights. She lodges complaints with the proprietor every day, and wants all the help bounced immediately and forthwith.

She has no definite ideas excepting as regards her rights. Her desire is to make trouble; her ambition is to rule the Porch. Mankind is her door-mat; the world is her slop-jar; her religion is to badger the busy. The result of her life is that she makes two cockle-burrs grow where there were none before. A bas you bicche—hike, you, Queen of the Porch! The

Summer, thank God, is gone, the harvest is ended. Get you to Gotham, thou obscene Porcher, the Waldorf is welcome to your lint-masticating, your fatuity, your vacuity, and your vicarious vice. Out damned spot! Out you peroxide bleachment, out, I say! One, two, why, then 't is time to do it. Hell is murky—out!



## ABOUT WIDOWS



MY acquaintanceship with widows has been somewhat limited, but from observation and hearsay I am fully convinced that the happiest mortals on earth are ladies who have been bereaved by the loss of their husbands. Widows weep, but through their tears they often smile, and beneath their darksome weeds the heart beats warm and hope is high.

Widows all have good appetites; widows sleep o' nights.

The woman with bloodshot eyes, hectic cheeks, parched lips; and that other one, worn, wan, yellow and spiritless, are not widows. Or if so, the trouble is something worse than death. A widow knows the worst, and the known holds no horrors—only the unknown is terrible.

A widow's soul is full of hope. No crouching uncertainty frights her dreams—she is alone, and loneliness does not consist in being alone—loneliness is the condition of being chained to a Roman Soldier. Of course, not all husbands are dogged, bull-headed Roman Soldiers, but some are, and when they die and leave a goodly property, the joy that bathes the soul of the woman who, for the first time in a score of years is free—absolutely free—passes belief. When I said the happiest mortals on earth are widows, I voiced no idle myth.

A woman who is married to a strong, forceful, positive man, who does not comprehend her higher nature, is an absolute slave; her lot is hades, and should she, at the same time, love another man, she is in hell. That is just what hell is for a woman, and there is none other. The henpecked husband finds respite in a hundred ways that society does not vouchsafe to woman, so his condition is fairly tolerable, but an enslaved woman, being the passive party, suffers a misery beyond imagination.

And now suppose apoplexy, some fine day, sets her free—O ho! She wears mourning, of course, but the grim black veil that covers her face, as she rides behind the hearse, is only to conceal her smiles and mask her deep, abiding peace.

But you say that such a condition as I have just suggested is exceptional, and of course this is true. But the fact still

holds, for widows find a gratification in being miserable. One source of satisfaction in all bereavement is that the individual, at first stunned, undone, soon is surprised to find that he rises superior to it. When a woman really discovers that she can get along without a man, a pride in that she is greater than unkind condition fills her heart. This sense of self-reliance gives courage, and is usually the first dilution and mitigation of grief. The wife of America's greatest preacher survived her lord for ten years, and she once told a friend that these were the happiest years she had ever known. Yet her husband never ill-used her, but while he was living she was continually stung by jealousy. The attention was all lavished upon him, and she was only pointed out as a marital appendenda vermiformis. After the husband had gone hence (his death hastened by conjugal appendicitis) she was the Whole Thing ••

Strong, forceful, busy men are a great trial to their wives. Men with executive ability, who do the marketing, and hold the opinions for the household, create a stifling mental atmosphere in their homes. Power repels, as well as attracts. Such men as I have mentioned doubtless love their wives, but they want no advice nor assistance. The wife of such a man grows meek and compliant and puts the children to bed early so they will not bother their father. The wife has a weekly allowance, and is ever dutiful.

Apoplexy comes and relieves her. She is crushed, because she thinks a widow should be. In a week lawyers arrive to consult her, and the administrator asks her advice. Tenants pay her rent, the whole world seems to uncover before her. She finds she can think for herself, and devise and weigh. All women love power—power has come to her. The estate

foots up more than she imagined—her husband deceived her with talk of poverty and hard times to keep down her supposed taste for luxury.

She is rich. She begins to plan little charities for her poor relations.

She consults railroad guides, and takes a sudden interest in Wilhelm der Grosse as compared with the Allan Line.

She is happy, very happy, and only a month has passed since the apoplexy, and when she looks into the glass she smiles coyly and blushes almost to see how becoming her mourning bonnet really is. Her conscience pricks her for being so pink and pretty, when her cheeks should be tear-stained. She knows her attractive face, and her equally attractive fortune are very attractive qualities to several good men. She must be on her guard.

She is very happy.

As penance she begins to plan an elaborate granite memorial for John. She thinks a weeping willow with a widow in weeds leaning on the tombstone would be nice. She is very happy—and on her guard. The emotions and sensations of a bride are nothing to the feelings of a widow. A widow has a background for comparison, and all the flighty dreams after the unattainable have been forced out of her cosmos by a slaty-grey marital pudmill. She is grateful now, grateful for freedom, and the ideal looms large on her horizon. Then widowhood is so eminently respectable! And the dash of deceit in it all—the condolences and sympathy—are so sweet to the feminine palate! When does the Wilhelm der Grosse sail? In his "Essay on the Sublime," Burke suggests that in the presence of death even the best friend feels a grain of satisfaction in the fact that he is alive.



The only exceptions to this are where Le Grand Passion has not known a complete satisfaction and thereby transformed the bond into a different form of friendship. A girl engaged may follow her lover across the Border, as did that widow in Indianapolis last week who sent a bullet into her heart while standing over the grave of her lover. It was not her husband's grave—the husband had died three years before—this was the grave of the man to whom she was affianced. Lovers love the Ideal and incarnate it in this person or that. Marriage is the great disillusioner; and fully granting the excellence of the relation that is left after the glamour of passion is gone, yet the fact remains that there are galling conditions about it which make separation by death bearable. The saddest part of many a widowhood is that the widow is left penniless. In such cases the bane of

poverty is always confused with the loss of the friend; but analyzed, the chief trouble, we find, is the lack of material things, and not the absence of an affinity. The sense of desolation that comes over a mother at loss of her babe is a complete grief, while widowhood is only a parting that shortly merges itself into a sweet sorrow.

Widows should not be blamed for the pride they take in the trim little black bonnet with its bewitching white ruche; they are what they are. If a woman is reasonably healthy, when one man goes, she instinctively sends out spiritual filaments seeking another, pleasantly agitated by the hazard of new fortunes. To ask her to confess this would be cruel, but the fact is a law of her nature. Then another thing, if a widow is around about fifty, it often happens that there is a fine renewing of her youth. She feels that a

great freedom has come to her: she rejoices in books, art, the beauties of nature, and the stimulus that comes from associating with thinking men is more gratifying to her than ever before. You remember what Franklin said along this line? The fact that she has freedom is a great boon and a blessing and the days she now knows are the happiest that have ever fallen to her lot. If her husband was her mate, even in degree, she enshrines his memory in undying amber, and in sweet imagination pictures to herself the virtues he possessed, forgetful of his faults; and even though the man may have been in life a burden, death has now wiped the score clean—she holds no resentments.

Grief is an agony of unrest, which if continued, quickly kills or else unseats the reason; but sorrow soothes the nerves, and there is in it an element not unmixed with joy.

¶ Graves are often sweet trysting places

of the unvexed spirit. Who can not picture the calm, quiet, restful sorrow, hugged fondly to her heart, by her Gracious Majesty, the Queen of England? ¶ Death is not a supreme calamity, either for the dead or the living. Widows live long.



“GIVE IT TO  
HIM, TIM!”



THEODORE P. SHONTS of Chicago is regarded as one of the best ink-slingers in this country. His reputation in this line came to him sort o' through accident—that is to say he had greatness thrust upon him. In the year 1895, as President of an Important Railroad, Mr. Shonts was called upon by a tall man who was also large around—also full of bad whiskey. This man was spokesman of a Com-

mit-tay that came in the Interests of the Switchmen's Union, asking that two non-Union Swedes be discharged and their places filled by two men who had been making Mr. Shonts a deal of trouble. The request was not so very unreasonable, but the methods of the Committee were unique. They chose what they thought was a short cut in diplomacy, just as Cromwell did when he said to the Keeper of the Mace, "Take away that bauble!" ¶ This Committee awaited a time when Mr. Shonts was alone in his office, and then they sent in their big spokesman, who addressed Mr. Shonts somewhat thus; "Here, you dirty tentacle of a hungry Octopus—sign this order to have them men discharged, and do it quick. No dam palaver, now, or I 'll smash your face. I 'm goin' to lick hell outer you if you say a word—see?" "Yes, I observe!" said Mr. Shonts. And

as he spoke he stood up and placed his hand upon a quart bottle of Stafford's red ruling ink that was on his desk; and in some way that bottle of ink shot straight at big Tim Driscoll—all in a flash. The bottle struck Tim square on the forehead and exploded into ten thousand and four pieces. Then Shonts closed in on his man and landed short arm blows left and right; upper cuts were sent home, and fancy taps in the solar plexus were quickly interspersed with stiff punches on the beak.

All the time the Committee held the door shut and gleefully cried through the key-hole, "Give it to him, Tim! Give it to the dhirty tintacle of a hungry Oc-to-pus!" Then there was a silence.

When the Emergency Ambulance came for Tim Driscoll the doctors examined the man, then looked at the floor and the furniture and told the driver to head for the morgue. Tim was not dead, though,

but it was six months before he was out of the hospital. In the meantime Shonts looked after Tim's family and when he was able to go to work his place was waiting for him; and today there is no more trustworthy man in the switch yards of Chicago than Tim Driscoll.

Mr. Shonts kept Tim's hat as a memento of the occasion; or rather Tim accidentally left the hat. So Mr. Shonts one fine day about a month after, just sent the hat over to Rush Medical College with a note asking, "Are the stains on the hat sent herewith caused by the blood of some beast-brute or are they human?"

After a week a lengthy report came back (with bill for ten dollars) saying the stains were undoubtedly caused by human blood but the blood was of a most peculiar quality, being almost entirely lacking in serum, with small trace of corpuscles either red or white.

## J. B. RUNS THINGS



HERE was a Jail-Bird, once upon a time, in a small town in the state of Iowa. This J. B. had had all that he wanted, and it was his firm intention if he ever got another chance, he would show what he was made of. Many other J. B.'s have made similar resolves. After he got out most everybody gave him the Icy Mitt, but finally he Accepted a Position (or as some might say, Found a Job) in a Factory. He started in at four dollars a week, working with the boys, for jail-birds can not afford to be either fastidious or finicky. They have to take whatever offers.

Responsibilities gravitate to the person who can shoulder them, and power flows to the man who knows how.

And it so happened that before the J. B.



was in that factory a month the boys were going to him asking him where things were. When they ran out of one kind of work they would ask him what they should do next; and he, knowing the sequence of the work, would advise them. Now, there be employers who are Proud and Overbearing, but others there be who have Common-Sense. And it so happened that the man who owned the factory where the J. B. worked had a modicum of Common-Sense. Seeing that the J. B. knew where things were and what should be done next, and that the J. B. put the work away at night and got it out in the morning, and planned things at home, and picked things up instead of walking over them or kicking them aside, why the Boss encouraged the J. B. and Raised his Wages.

So the J. B. evolved into a Right Hand Man, and in time came to know a deal

more about the details of the business than the Boss, and I believe eventually married the daughter of the Boss, inherited his money and became sole owner of the Factory, but of these things I am not certain, so I do not record them. But the little incident I am about to record really happened. One day the Boss saw two girls who worked in the factory coming in with a basket of wild clematis. These girls proceeded to festoon the pillars of the big room with the beautiful plant. "Who told you to do that?" demanded the Boss.

"Why, Mr. So-and-so," said the girls, referring to the J. B.

"Did you send those girls away during working hours after weeds?" asked the Boss shortly after of the J. B.

"Certainly," was the answer. "You see, I noticed those particular girls seemed very white, and not very strong and sort

of nervous and worn—they say they have things tough at home—and I just thought I would try to improve their complexions and spirits by giving them a run out in the sunshine.”

“Oho, you thought they were getting Prison Pallor, did you?”

“Yes, you guessed it—I was thinking of Prison Pallor.”

“And so contrived an excuse to send the girls on a two-mile walk out across the fields?”

“Yes.”

“Had Prison Pallor yourself, eh?”

“Yes.”

“Used to look into a pocket mirror and thought it was a Ghost?”

“Possibly.”


“Never saw the blue sky except through a grating, or when walking lock-step across a stone-paved courtway.”

“You have it.”

“ Well, look here, J. B., don’t stand around here keeping me from work—I wish t’ Lord I could find a few more J. B.’s to help me run this shebang. And say, make a little list of the pale, nervous, yellow and scared girls and send them out by turn for clematis whenever the sun shines—don’t stand around keeping me from work—don’t you think I have anything to do myself? Go on with you! ”



## CANNED LIFE

HE Rev. Laurence Sterne tells of how, on a certain interesting occasion, his mother asked his father this question, “ Have you wound the clock? ”

To this seeming irrelevant and inconsequential remark the author attributed most of his own shortcomings in way of

infirmity of purpose and lack of concentration.

No doubt it is necessary that clocks should be wound, and it is also right and proper that on occasion cats should be put out, but it is quite absurd to waste time on clocks and cats when more important duties require attention. All is relative, and had the mother of Laurence Sterne been a judge of Values she never would have disturbed the Silences by her well-meant but untimely interrogation.

I think, however, I can fully understand the lady's situation. Nature has a way of protecting her children by allowing them to do things through habit. Habit is the buffer of our feelings, the armor that protects our nerve-force, the great economizer of energy.

"How do you manage to keep so young with all your manifold duties?" I once asked my friend Bath-House John.

“ Say,” said the Statesman, “ I ’ll tell you how I keep young, I live Perfunk—see? ” To live Perfunk is a fine art. It usually means sound sleep, good digestion and length of days.

The man much before the public, who is meeting many people, must meet them in a perfunctory manner. To give issue to a genuine emotion when shaking hands with each would deplete one’s life in a day. Hence canned goods are in order, and you give out capsule No. Six or No. Ten, as the case requires. The woman who goes in society has a whole little round of stock phrases that meet every requirement, otherwise she could not keep her plumpness, and conserve her ambish—see?

¶ The Canned Life has many advantages. This thing of doing the same thing every day at the same time, and taking all pleasures and recreations perfunk, of placing your duties in a row, with no worry

beyond having a can-opener handy, is all very good. Most lives are Canned Lives, for we know exactly what the person will do or say under certain conditions, and where he will be at a certain hour. I have attended meetings of a whist club where not a remark was made the whole evening that had not been made at some former meeting.

You step on a dog's tail, and you may safely wager on what the dog will do. Just so you can anticipate the little neighborly whist club players. A certain hand brings out certain remarks and certain results liberate certain expressions in way of exaltation, apology or disappointment. In all this you get the Career Perfunk—that is to say, Canned Life.

¶ However, there are some disadvantages that naturally accrue where any one policy of life is carried to an extreme.

¶ On this last point the learned Dr. Sulz-

keimer, Physician to the King of Siam, has recently contributed a little pamphlet, a copy of which the Doctor was so kind as to send me.

In this booklet the claim is made that all diseases are caused either by too much excitement, or not enough. Excitement of course increases the heart-beat—the pulse runs up, eyes glisten, thought flows—all the secretions are active. Up to a certain point this is well, for digestion is aided, lungs expand, and the glands, through exercise, are in condition to do their perfect work.

But of course if the excitement is continued beyond a certain point the bodily functions become deranged, the nerves get tired of the tension, and eventually we will have a case of "Nerves," variously known as Americanitis or Nervous Prostration, with a fine array of local symptoms, covering every sort of twinge, tired



feeling and bearing-down sensation mentioned by the celebrated Doctors Munyon and Pierce in their exhaustive and exhausting Wurx.

On the other hand are the diseases and complaints that come from lack of excitement—that is, too much Canned Life. The prevalence of insanity among the wives of farmers is caused by too much Canned Life. The poor creatures perish for the lack of a fresh thought. First in the list of diseases caused by lack of excitement our learned author names cancer, which he explains is caused originally by a faulty circulation. A stoppage occurs, and nature tries to relieve the distressed point by sending more blood to the spot. Then we get congestion and next inflammation. A certain amount of excitation at the right time the author avers would have freed the system from all congestion and made cancer impossible.

There are also a whole round of maladies that can be cured by a new thought, a new sensation, new surroundings. A little excitement or a new experience often clears the cobwebs from the brain.

Elizabeth Barrett was suffering from partial paralysis, and a low degree of nerve force that was fast pushing her in the direction of melancholia. In fact she was suffering from too much Canned Life. Love came to her, and she literally, as well as poetically, ran away, and got well.

¶ This of course is an extreme case, but there are times in the life of every man and woman when people pall, liver strikes, aches intervene and visions open of an operating table, sterilizing pans, nurses in white caps, and a doctor with bushy whiskers and rolled up sleeves.

Everything seems going to the devil.

When lo! there comes one bearing glad tidings. A new thought takes possession of

us—we laugh and listen to a story or two and tell one—we go for a walk, the clouds lift and we forget we ever had a doubt or pain. Is n't this the Healing Principle in Christian Science?

God is good, there is no devil but fear, nothing can harm us, the Universe is planned for good! Ah! a new thought—all life is one, and we are brothers to the birds and trees. Our life is a necessary and integral part of the Energy that turns the wheeling planets, and holds the world in space.

All life is One—God is on our side. We are freed from fear, emancipated from apprehension, and filled with kindness toward every living thing because all is ours, and we are a part of all we hear and feel and see. Circulation is increased, secretions flow, eyes brighten, beautiful thoughts animate us—saved by an Idea! New thoughts are hygienic. Love is a tonic.

## WE ARE ALL SLAVES



YES, dearie, we are all slaves. I'm yours, and the place is one I have no desire to resign. Why should I? Do we ever talk of "freedom," "sweet liberty," and "rights?" Well, hardly; our only rivalry is to see who can love the most: and if I am ever disposed to blame you it is because you supply me nothing to forgive. To be serf to a master who is powerful, wise and good would be my highest joy. I thought this one fine morning when I sat in the study of that prince of gentlemen, Dean Farrar.

The Dean called to his secretary who was in the next room:

"Charles, come here please, I need you a moment."

It was only to tie up a parcel of books

and carry them to a man a block away.

¶ I replied for Charles, on the instant:

¶ "Let me do it—please!"

"But you do not wish to run errands for me!"

"Indeed, I do," I answered, "I wish to remember that I was once of service to you."

The Dean smiled.

I did up the package and carried it to its destination.



## A BAD JAR



IT WAS a bad jar I got—my nerves are not just right yet. I occupied Room 304 at the Weddell House, Cleveland. It was about ten in the morning and I was hard at it in my shirt sleeves, reading a proof the Red One had sent me.

A rap at the door—enter coon with card.

"Joshua Simpson!"

I could n't just remember the man—but then one can't place everybody who is on the Roster—"Send him up."

In five minutes an Apparition appeared in the doorway.

I started, shivered, shook, and felt the thrill of life along my keel. It was all in a flash, just as a drowning person is said to live over an entire life-time in an instant.

"Don't be a fool," I said to myself, and then to the Apparition, "Ah, good morning, come in, come in!"

And the Apparition entered, removing as it did so, a very broad-brimmed felt hat. Solemn black, clothed the stalwart form. The face was strong and smoothly shaven. Black hair reaching to shoulders, and yards and yards of Chinese silk that served for a necktie, added the last touch to the tout ensemble. From fear I drifted into wrath. I was being insulted—I glanced around for my Ali Baba hickory

stick. But before I found the cudgel, wrath had taken wing and I began to laugh.

"This is all a joke—a most exquisite joke," I said to myself. "It is Fred Gardner, President of the One O'Clock Klub—no, it's John Brower, and this carefully arranged make-up is the work of Charley Prizer and that rogue, Gobeille."

I sank into a chair and was going to ring for the bell-boy, so as to order Something for the Push that I knew would rush in upon me in a moment. The Apparition had seated itself on the sofa and was rolling its big hat and just remarking, "I heard your lecture at the Temple six months ago!"

"It's Den's voice," I said—"it's Den! He has shaved off his moustache and Ann Waters has fixed him up in this preposterous disguise."

But the Apparition kept right on talking—"I heard you lecture at the Temple

six months ago! You will remember that I came up after the address and shook hands with you—You said that I was a most excellent listener. Afterward I met you at the station "——

It was n't Fred Gardner; it was n't Den; it was n't an Apparition.

It was just a Disciple.

He said that I had inspired him with a desire to lead the Ideal Life. And then it seems he had straightway boycotted his barber, and invested in headgear and haberdashery. He did n't explain beyond the fact that I had inspired him—the rest was apparent.

After a pleasant little call perfunk, we shook hands and my visitor departed. When he was safely around the corner I straightway put on my coat and started for the barber shop. At the bottom of the stairway I met Sam Briggs and Louis Newman of Springfield, Mass.



"Why! why! where are you going in such a rush?" asked Louis.

"To get a tight hair-cut and buy a derby," I curtly answered.

"You need a Gin-Elevated Spheroid," said Sam. "Your nerves seem to be getting outside your clothes!"

"You just come along with us," said Louis the Lightweight.

They had seen my Under-Study.

It cost me three seventy-five.



## CUTTING THE CABLE



MARK TWAIN and George W. Cable, traveled together for three weeks and never once spoke to each other, excepting on the stage. It all began by Mark telling a few Warm Ones to Major Pond in

Cable's presence. Cable, fearing he would be smirched, or wanting to prove his purity, flew. At other times Mark would swear ultramarine streaks over nothing while George was studying his International Sunday School Lesson Leaves. ¶ Finally George decided he would win Mark over to the Lord's side. To that end he made an appointment with him where they were to meet at a certain time to talk over a matter "of great and serious import."

Mark thought it was some business deal and made no objection. When they met, Cable began the trouble by locking the door, dropping on his knees and praying aloud that Mark would cease his unhallowed ribaldry, quit tobacco, abstain from smoking and give his heart to Jesus. Mark lit his pipe while the prayer was in progress and finally said, "Hell!" Then Cable got up and rasted with Mark

as to the sin of smoking, especially Smoking in Bed; the folly of turning in at Three o' Clock in the morning and eating breakfast at noon; the vice of profane swearing, and the heinous sin of telling tales that bring the blush of Shame to the cheek of Innocence.

Mark was urged to fall on his knees right there and make an appeal to the Throne of Grace for pardon. He was urged to resolve then and there to live a clean, wholesome, Christian life; to have family prayers, say grace at meals, and go to church on Sunday.

"Burn your tobacco pipes, throw the Budge Bottle out of the window, and promise me now you will never use another swear word—do it now, Mark, in the name of your sainted mother, do it now."

And the little man, with his arms around Mark's neck, tried to force him to his knees. But the big man, still smoking, finally

said, "George Cable, inventor of the Creole—you keep your religion and be damned, and I'll keep mine."

Then Mark indulged him in a demonstration of ill-concealed weariness, and going to the door, he unlocked it and called in Major Pond and requested him to take the runt out and buy him a Scotch High-Ball to steady his nerves.

Cable was furious with disappointment and rage. He declared Mark had grossly insulted him. He protested that all he had said and done was done in love, and for Mark's benefit, and he declared he would not again speak to Mark until he apologized.

Major Pond was sorely troubled. There were seventeen dates ahead, and if these men parted now it meant the loss of thousands of dollars. The Major begged Mark to apologize and heal the breach, but Mark smiled grimly and said the

little Creole catcher could go to the devil he believed in, for all of him.

Yet Major Pond, by his masterly diplomacy, managed to hold the combination together, and every night for three weeks Mark Twain and George Cable read from the same platform, and made sly remarks about each other before the audience, and the audience thought it only kindly banter.

¶ But never did they speak when they met, although they traveled together five thousand miles, ate at the same table and stopped at the same hotels. Whenever Cable would enter a room where Mark and the Major were, the entrance of Cable was the cue for Mark to indulge him in a knockwood Demonstration.

Mark says he holds no enmity toward George, but he has ever refused to apologize, and thinks that George should apologize to him for trying to take away his religion, which consists in Every

**Man Minding His Own Business.** On the other hand Cable has given Mark up as Lost—irretrievably Lost. And there the matter rests.

• • •

## **JUST REMEMBER THIS**



**GIVE** out courtesy, kindness, patience and good-will, and you 'll get them all back with compound interest. The men who deserve to rank in Class A do not chew the lint, furse, and belliake about the small misfits of life. To take what comes and forget the rest is wisdom.

Let Braggo give the janitor the call, and the Hall Boys have it out with the Ash-box Inspector—you can't afford to roil your soul with small scraps. Fight on a big scale, or not at all. The folks who have trouble with ushers are always looking for trouble—and find it. Smile, dam you!

## SPARE-ROOM HORROR



GENERALLY, when I lecture in a town I have it nominated in the bond, that if I am to be "entertained" the fee is to be fifty dollars extra.

And even with the stimulus of the added stipend, no man can barnstorm the one night stands and live out the measure of his days, if he is entertained. Wine, women and too much song have shortened the lives of many poets; but these things are as naught to the inquisitorial horrors of the Spare-Room.

Outside the door of the Spare-Room lurks a hushed atmosphere of fussiness. The air is heavy with expectancy: children are reprov'd—grown-ups cautioned.

You lie down to take a nap and some one raps and asks if you are perfectly com-

fortable, and "Are you sure there is nothing you want?" And then you are assured that this is Liberty Hall and everybody here does just as he pleases. Then they want to take you somewhere, to show you things and meet many folks who have been telephoned to drop in. Bells ring, knocks are heard and the banging of pianos falls upon your tired ear. You want to rest and dream, but you can not, for this is Liberty Hall, and everybody in it has the liberty of bothering you.

A search for the bath-room is presently made and you encounter a woman in the hallway. She suppresses a scream, and, being experienced, you do not ask her where the bath-room is, for you know that if you should she might throw double Arabs. I once, being taken short, inquired of a maiden lady of thirty-seven in June where the bath-room was. Her weathered



visage ran the chromatic scale and she stammered innocence, protested ignorance, swore a halibi and flew in terror from my presence. Afterward I heard that she gave out intimations to the effect that I had insulted her, thus appropriating for herself a distinction to which she had not the shadow of a right.

Ever after there was an embarrassing something between myself and this maiden, for in that incautious moment I had revealed to her young heart that Genius could not rise above Necessity, and at the last was only human.

When being entertained at a private house you are supposed to scintillate, and disappointment reigns if you do not. And then you can guess the scathing chatter of criticism that is in store after you are gone.

Once upon a day I was entertained in the town of Kokomo. After supper we

sat out on the veranda, enjoying the cool of the day. The house belonged to one of the First Citizens, and was on the Euclid Avenue of the place. With the assembled family were a few invited neighbors. A little girl, six years old, all stiffly starched, with two funny braids down her back, tied with pink ribbons, sat at my feet and looked up in eager wonderment. Evidently she had been duly warned and instructed, for she was primly proper and very conscious of it. All at once this little girl spied a playmate of about her own age across the street. She jumped up, skipped three skips forward and called in a shrill voice, "O Martha, Martha, come over quick—here is a Great Man!"

Of course everybody laughed—even the people across the street laughed and the neighbors on each side of us smiled audibly.

When that little girl grows older she will discover that the Great Man is a man who lives a long way off. If you doubt this proposition go to any little town where resides a Great Man and ask his neighbors—they will quickly undeceive you.

But for the most part the good folks with a Spare-Room are full of the illusion that the Great Man really exists. So when the poor guest comes they entertain him by feeding him too much and showing him things he does not care to see, and they amuse him with attentions that sap him to the point of weariness.

How can the man explain that he is only a plain, unpretentious fellow, with a very few wants—that course dinners and Sunday china and Christmas silverware are nothing to him! He has seen Sevres; he is familiar with Gorham's; and he knows the miracles of Tiffany. All he wants is

a cup of tea, some toast, two soft boiled eggs and quiet.

If you are an alleged Great Man, go to a hotel when you strike a new town, or you will die the death. To be neglected in a very bad hotel is much to be preferred to being entertained at a fine private house.



## I HAD AN IDEA



IN Eighteen Hundred and Ninety, in Buffalo, I had an Idea.

It came to me like a slap on the back—suddenly and without warning. Instantly I saw it stretching out into the future with wealth and plenty lining its pathway, as a stroke of lightning illumines the midnight sky.

I remember exactly where I stood when the Idea possessed me, and I recall the time of day.

I was like Richard Le Gallienne, who one day in New York shuffled over to a butcher shop in his slippers and bathrobe to get five cents' worth of liver for "Ella Wheeler Wilcox," his cat. As the poet stood suppliant before the man with the cleaver, explaining Tabby's needs the first line of a poem shot athwart the mirror of his mind.

Be it known that in writing poetry all you need is the first line, the rest follows, like a rill, or a bill, or a pill, or a mill, or a gill.

Dickie of the Quest closed his cosmic fly-trap on the line, as a snapdragon closes on a blue-bottle. He jumped for the door, while the astonished butcher stood in amazement, thinking him nutty. The Questor crossed the street in three leaps and went up the stairs two steps at a time. He must get the line down on paper before it evaporated into chaos.

When that idea came to me in Buffalo, I stood like Lot's wife at Syracuse. But I only stood for an instant, when I jumped for pen and pad.

I outlined the plan.

On explaining the matter to a Cold Storage Gazabo, I nearly lost faith in it myself—so near is failure allied to success. A few pooh-poohs more and this business would have been as the wolf-tail that streaks the East and is gone forever. And the moral seems to be, do not try to explain your plans to an Ice Plant ☛ It was absurdly simple—so simple that I was laughed at.

However I tested it, and it worked.

That Idea has made a dozen men rich beyond the dreams of avarice. It is piling up wealth at the rate of several million dollars a year, and is still expanding.

Oh, bless your soul! I bear them no jealousy ☛ ☛

They used me well. They paid me all I asked. They treated me right—just as they are treating their customers right. And surely they deserve great credit for their fine organization.

But I got out just in time, otherwise I would have been like a bee drowning in a hogshhead of molasses.

The Idea has been a success even beyond my prophecies. I knew it would sweep the world, but I measured it in surveyor's miles, while it has leaped astronomical distances.

The Idea turned on cutting out all waste motion, utilizing exhaust, running in oil on ball bearings, and using by-product for fuel. It was a commercial plan so well rounded that it saved one-third or more in the handling. This saving has been divided with the consumer in quality and service.

The crux of my idea was that the con-

sumer would eventually appreciate the service; and the plan then being rounded and approximately complete, and being first in the field, would make serious competition impossible, until such a time when the management became chesty and careless. Then the vandals will make breaches in the wall and enter, and the fabric will fade like the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome.

•• •• ••

NOT  
OPEN TO  
AMENDMENT



CENE—Republican Convention,  
Down South.

Meeting opened with prayer by  
Brudder Jasper.

Brudder Jasper: "O Lawd, look down  
on dis yer meetin' and bless it. Give de  
delegates assembled eyes to see and ears



to hear. Put it into der hearts to do what is jus' an' right. And, O Lawd, see dat dey all vote for George Clark " \* \* \*

¶ Loud cries of "Order," "Privilege" and "Mistah Chairman," from all over the hall.

The Chairman finally recognizes Delegate Jones.

Delegate Jones: "Mis' Chairman, I move you dat dat yer prayah be 'mended by strikin' out de words George Clark, and insertin' instead de words Joshua Johnsing."

Cries of "I secon' de motion," and wild calls from Brudder Jasper as to question of privilege. Brudder Jasper finally again has the floor.

Brudder Jasper: "Mis' Chairman, I want dis yer convention to distinc'ly understand dat dat yer prayah is not open to 'mendment. Dat yer prayah have done gone to God!"

## **FIVE TERRIBLE THINGS**

**M**ANY MUCH esteemed contemporary, the "Ladies' Hum Journal," has a department headed thus: "The Editor's Personal Page!" Recently, this page contained the following startling headlines:

**THE TIME HAS COME TO TURN THE  
LIGHT ON AN EXISTING CONDITION  
TOUCHING THE AMERICAN FIRESIDE  
THAT WILL APPAL THE AVERAGE  
WOMAN AND GIRL.**

### **THE FIVE RESULTS**

**THE FIRST:** The lifelong invalidism or the surgical mutilation of thousands of women;

**THE SECOND:** The death of untold thousands of unborn or new-born infants;

**THE THIRD:** The lifelong taint of disease upon children who do live;

**THE FOURTH:** The blindness of over sixty out of every one hundred new-born blind babies;

**THE FIFTH:** The domestic unhappiness of tens of thousands of homes because of the absence of children.

*Over seventy out of every one hundred special surgical operations on women are the direct or indirect result of one cause.*

This statement is made on the highest medical authority.

*The darkened sight of thousands of babies.*

Over sixty out of every one hundred new-born blind babies are blinded, soon after birth, from one cause. One cause kills outright before, or shortly after birth, three out of four children affected. Then I read all that Mr. Bok had to say on his personal page devoted to family esoterics. I read it with bated breath—I believe that is the right expression—

expecting to find things scientific, diverting, salacious. But alas, Brother Bok did n't even tell what he was talking about. He gave the five results of Something. These results are, he says, First, invalidism and mutilation; Second, deaths of untold babies, born and otherwise; Third, tainted babies; Fourth, blind babies; Fifth, no babies at all.

What is this Awful Something that Brother Bok so mysteriously sidesteps and avoids mentioning—out with it—tell us about it, illustrate it, picture it, throw it on a screen!

But the bully Bok is an editorial ink-fish—he shoots his headlines and then escapes under cover of the smoke, leaving us in a maze, a fog of doubt. His “personal page” requires a key. And soon we discover that this key is to be furnished in a later issue of the most excellent Ladies' Hum Journal. But here is a part of the key that

Mr. Bok supplies for the illumination of his haunted house: "Let a father ask the young man, as his leading question, whether he is physically clean; insist that he shall go to his family physician, and if he gives him a clean bill of health, then his financial prospects can be gone into. But his physical self first."

Evidently Brother Bok blames the young man for all of the five awful somethings. This, you see, is getting interesting for the lady subscribers.

Reduced to plain terms this is to the effect that every young man calling on a lady shall be questioned by the father of the young girl. Before the young man sees the girl the fond father shall ask, "Are you all here?"

If the young man evades the question, then says Mr. Bok, "He shall go to his family physician," and get a certificate. This implies, First, that every young

man who calls on a young Hum Lady does so with plain, specific, cold designs; Second, that the father of the girl shall make it his business to compel the young man to show up his certificate; Third, that physical fitness is the one thing most desirable; Fourth, that the father of a marriageable daughter has time to devote himself to this matter and inspect the credentials of all candidates. Mental aptitude is never once mentioned.

Just here enter several seeming difficulties to Brother Bok's beneficent plan for Social Betterment:

How often must these certificates carried by aspiring youths be renewed?

Imagine Mayme calling, "Oh, Papa, just see who is here!"

Papa lays down his evening paper and comes shuffling into the hall, peering over his glasses and muttering, "Show up, show up, Cecil, show up, I say!"

Cecil fishes out a somewhat worn and much handled document, which Pater inspects with care.

"Oho!" cries Pater, "this is dated six months ago—wat'ell! notting diddings—raus!"

Exit Cecil—Mayme holding the center of the stage in tears.

Or imagine Pater carefully examining a certificate marked, "Not transferable," and growling, "Say, Sonny, what scalper's office did you buy this at, eh?"

Or says Pater, "Say, you young pimpled party, this certificate looks all right, but by Jinks, the doctor that issued it is an irregular, and while I'm sorry for you, my duty to posterity requires me to ask you to hike, scoot, move on and put distance between you and me dotter!"

¶ Daddy Bok does n't seem to know that Japan has his precious law in full force, and has had for twenty years, only

the woman is required to produce a certificate, also, as well as the man.

And how about testimonials, instead of certificates! Innumerable complications arise and one is almost ready to ask, "Is Baldy Bok a half-portion lalapaloosala?"

¶ And the answer is: Oh, no, Bok is a very shrewd man. He is a business man—one kind of a business man. He knows the average bourgeois female mind. It is an undeveloped, inexperienced mind, shut in, repressed, suppressed, hedged around.

A modicum of prosperity, and the owner of the female mind quits work, and her life is devoted to vacuity, tiddledy-winks, bridge whist, church fairs, the latest play and other societypiffle. The books she reads are the six best sellers. But she is a woman and sex is strong in her head, at least so Mr. Bok's reference to the young man's family physician implies that he has one. Mr. Bok is sure that all people who are



fit to move in the best society have a family physician—I guess so. And here we get a line on the Bok mental processes. Bok believes that to enjoy poor health you must have a physician. Doctors, disease, hospitals, are to him stern realities. He believes in them all. They are to him necessary adjuncts to civilization. ¶ The trouble, perhaps, is n't so much with Bok, as it is with the society whose mouthpiece Bok essays to be. Bok is like the man who yells fire in a theater. And so he now excites his flock with his stentorian cry of "Disease!" This meets a response in the fluttering hearts—it is a thing in which they, too, believe. So now they meet on a common basis. What warder, ho, without there—is the ether ready! Send him to the hospital and have his errors removed! We may be infected any moment—goodness gracious! That hot water bag, Terese, and quickly

about it, too, also the camphor, antiphlogestine and the carborundum; you hussy—do you think I can wait all day! That piano tuner has got it, you know, and most everybody in our church, since that evangelist was here! What 's Dr. Gould's telephone number—I never can find anything when I 'm excited! Did you see what Ruth Ashbox says in the last Hum Journal—bink babies, blind babies and no babies—where are those bunion plasters! Read that again and read it slowly—“ On the highest medical authority ”—well then it must be so, and that is all there is to it. Jeems, Jeems, I say, keep that sissy-boy waiting in the hall until Papa can examine his strawberry mark, and see if he has a perfect scar on his osmosis. It would be terrible if he should give us all the comeandcatchme—you hear me! I 'm going to faint, I 'm sure I am! In the meantime renew our subscription

to the Hum Journal—we must know more about these appalling conditions that are so vital to the average woman and girl. Blessed Bok, we would all die in ignorance were it not for you! Bee-less-ed Bok!

¶ Just here enters Brother Bok with his insidious Hum Journal, and supplies her a bracer for her imagination. Under the specious excuse of scientific truth he gives glossed pornography. It is a sort of cantharides literary libidinous lotion.

¶ During the Italian Renaissance, when human nature was being discovered, but religious awe was rife, if a painter attempted the nude he used to call it "Susannah and the Elders," or "Potiphar's Wife." Thus was the picture given a sort of a deep religious aureole that saved the day.

Nowadays, if interest in the traveling evangelist's hagiology slackens, he announces a lecture "To Women Only,"

or "Men Only," and lo! the walls are made to bulge.

Buster Bok sees the "yellow" journals, and goes them one better by setting the imagination of a million girls on a hair-trigger of expectancy.

To all this I object, and my reasons for objecting I will now briefly state:

I object to the Bok brand of hand-me-down philosophy; First, because Bok's premises are false; Second, because his conclusions are untrue; Surgical operations, mutilations, tainted babies, dead babies, blind babies, and lack of babies are exceptional, and not general.

The Curtis Publishing Company lies in its corporate throat. And next, when these sad and exceptional cases occur that are so graphically depicted by the talented and learned Grandpa Bok, the woman, herself, is more at fault than the male of the genus homo.

“ The sins that ye do by two and two, ye shall pay for one by one,” says Kipling. To place Papa on guard in the front hallway to punch the ticket of Eros would not remedy the matter. Grant the presence of the “ bad disease,” it is not so common as the leader of the ladies, Bokerino, would have us think. Neither would Papa’s challenge form a recipe that would work a cure for the malady. There are other reasons for side-stepping disease, beside Fannie’s favor, and Papa’s challenge.

And moreover, the man with a souvenir is n’t over anxious to pass it along, nor is he unnecessarily fierce in the matter of social duties. These rogues intent on party calls are usually absurdly healthy. Bok has been wrongly informed; and like all men with a universal panacea, he is troubled with social strabismus and uric acid in his ego.

Bok wants the young of the land instructed, and instructed early, in problems which Nature has not yet presented to them. This plan would produce rare-ripes that would rot early. We must delay adolescence, not hasten it. To bring forward a sex problem before Nature does, is to teach things out of season and produce a "pud."

Sex is pure until you focus on it. A few themes must be left to Nature—not to the Hum Journal.

And here is a fact as solid as the background of an advertisement for the Prudential: The women who go to the hospitals, and have tainted babies, dead babies, blind babies and no babies, are all instructed women—very wise women—wiseheimers in esoterics—all.

And their ills arise from their very clever knowledge of life, not in their lack of it. They think they know more than God,

and so God lays them by their high heels, and suddenly.

The strong, healthy, hearty mothers, whose sons grow up to be men, are women who work, diluting the cosmic urge with responsibility. They are innocent women—natural women, spontaneous persons, not those steeped in sex emotions, devoted to “Purity-Books,” pseudo-science, those obscene publications endorsed by pious preachers and sold under false pretences to silly subscribers of the Hum Journal, that need re-babbiting—not those!

Society's ills lie deeper.

The cause of the five terrible things enumerated by Bokheimer can not be legitimately laid on the door-step of the male man.

Hospital operations with all their attendant torments, before and after, are results—often results of high heels, tight corsets, late hours, lolling, dawdling away the day,

eating all kinds of things any old time, lack of duties and responsibilities and the mad attempt to stay in the Free-for-all Social Set, when the party belongs in the Three-Minute-Class. That male man is guilty of contributory negligence after the fact, is true, but to trace the primal cause to his transom is to follow a false clue.

The average man is quite as capable as the average woman.

Colonel Bok is no longer a fit leader for the ladies' club—he should be deposed. Let an old woman be placed in his chair, who will not merely try to titillate the curiosity of the female subscriber, but who will, at times, tell the truth. Bok must go—one, two, three—out I say! hell is murky, out, damned Bok!



Self-Pity is a form of conceit, and if you wish to call it defeat, you'll ring the bell.



## ART IN UNDERWEAR



PECULIAR creepy feeling I had last month caused me to prophecy that there was something new and strange about to appear in Art and Underwear. And here it is all come about:

In that journal of culture, the *Boston Commonwealth*, of December 7, page 15, column 1, I find this:

The chemise worn outside of the corset serves as corset cover as well as short underskirt. No garment is more prettily feminine than the chemise, and its adoption is urged. It should be of soft delicate material, made simply. Lace-laden underwear is not advisable. Lace does not stand washing well, and the charm of tasteful underwear is its suggestion of fresh daintiness. Nothing could be daintier, unless it is the garment of the same design finished with a little frill of very delicate hamburg.

I understand, by the way, that the word "chemise" is pronounced "chimmie" in honor of Mr. Edward W. Townsend. The *Commonwealth* advertises upon its cover that the paper is devoted to "Literature, Science, History, Art, Society, Travel, Music and the Drama." I am uncertain whether Dr. Hale, the reverend editor, desires us to consider this item as concerning the Drama or relating to Travel.

¶ It is very kind in the *Commonwealth* to explain how the chemise is to be worn; for if Boston did not give the cue the ladies of the land might keep right on wearing the chemise outside their cloaks for all time, after the manner of Ah Sid.

¶ Further attention to the article reveals this, which is evidently History:

If you do not like a chemise, you will find a little low neck knit shirt makes the best corset cover. White drawers are omitted by many ladies.

Of course, if you don't want to "omit"

them entirely, you can take the advice from Philadelphia and be absolved from the sin of omission by sewing a bit of weather strip around the bottoms. In summer barbed wire should be put in place of the weather strip. It is cooler, is a non-conductor of electricity and will scare mice.

Silk bloomers, in white or black, are also worn by many. Care must be exercised that such a garment be fitted to a yoke about the hips, that undue fullness may not be given about the waist.

Do not use an ordinary ox-yoke for this. The yoke referred to is made of wire and is flexible. Thus the "undue fullness" is usually avoided. The following comes under the head of Art:

Nothing but the underdrawers or the tights should be worn under the corsets below the waist. Although she is not as prettily feminine looking as the dainty woman in a chemise, the wearer of black satin bloomers, over black corsets and a black knit silk corset, is in her own way attractive.

I should think she would be!

FINE!

**I**N Toledo resides one Jones, Crank-in-Ordinary, also Mayor of the Bailiwick.

The other day a culprit was brought before Jones charged with stealing a loaf of bread from a baker's wagon.

“How do you plead?” asked the judge.

“Guilty,” answered the prisoner.

“And why did you steal the bread?”

“I was hungry and had no money. The wagon was standing there—no one was near and I could not resist the temptation.”


“I accept your plea of guilty, and fine every man in the court-room ten cents for living in a city where a man has to steal in order to eat,” and Jones tossed a dollar into a near-by Panama, and motioned the deputy to collect the assessment on the crowd.

The amount of the collection was five dollars and forty cents.

"Here is the money to pay your fine," said His Honor, "and I remit the fine. Climb out of here now and prove me a true prophet when I say you will never do this thing again."



## LIGHT AND LIFE

N point of years, I do not belong to the Pliocene Period. And yet I can remember a time when the only light in my father's household was the light from a burning rag in a saucer of grease.

We worked until dark, and then ate supper by the pale, wan light of other days. A pine-knot flung into the fireplace often helped the matter. And let me here say that I not only reverence the memory

of the man who read books by the light of a pine-knot, but I admire the arduous feat he performed in so doing. To read by the light of a camp-fire is something worth recording.

Our family did not read at night—that came later. We ate supper by just enough light to find our mouths, thanking God, “shot the duds and skinned under,” to use a phrase of the lamented Lincoln. When finally we bought a cook-stove, I can well remember how my mother would often in the evening lift off a griddle so as to let more light in the room.

It was a great day when we discovered how to make tallow dips. We stood the candle in a hole in a block of wood, watched the bright flame and waxed joyous. I became an expert in making tallow dips, and supplied them to the neighbors for a consideration—that is, for all the traffic would bear.

To make a tallow dip, you first melt your tallow.

Then you get a string and attaching a weight to it, drop it gently into the tallow. The string, or warp, with us was simply a strip of a twisted rag. By dipping this string in the hot tallow and lifting it out quickly, the tallow adheres to the string. In an instant, the tallow on the wick cools and you dip it in again, and so on until your candle is the proper size.

When a tin-pedler came along one day and sold one of my best customers a set of candel molds, I thought I was undone. I cast about in my mind whether to follow up the pedler and kill him, and then steal away and destroy the mold, or go and buy a mold for myself.

I decided on the less violent method, and soon found I could beat anybody in that neck of the woods making candles, either dipped or molded.

When my mother showed me how to take the teakettle and pour hot water on the molds, to get the candles out quickly, instead of warming the mold in front of the fire, it marked an epoch.

To spit on your thumb and forefinger and snuff a candle expertly was also an achievement. We had church at early candlelight, and I had the contract for supplying the candles and snuffing them. When I tiptoed around and snuffed the candles during service, I got more attention than the preacher.

One of our neighbors had a lamp in which they burned whale-oil, but as whale-oil was a dollar a gallon they only illumined when they had company.

Then one day, when I was about ten years old, our folks bought a lamp from that same pedler who so nearly busted me up in business.

It was a naphtha-lamp. It had two wicks,



but no chimney. There were two little brass caps to put over the flame when you wanted to douse the glim. If you blew it out, you were in danger of going to Kingdom Come.

It must have been a year after, when we bought a burner of that same rogue pedler. He seemed to get hold of all the new inventions. We screwed this burner on the old naphtha-lamp and burned "coal-oil," which the pedler kindly supplied us at seventy-five cents a gallon. This new burner was n't as good as the old naphtha-lamp, but was supposed to be safer. The pedler told us of the glass lamp-chimneys. We had a horn lantern—that is, a cow's horn scraped thin—that we put over the flame of a tallow candle. It kept the wind from blowing out the light. Then we had a tin lantern, which was simply a globe of tin punched full of holes. That was pretty good, too. But a glass chimney

was a new one! It was splendid—it multiplied the light by five, and our preacher explained to us that this was because it gave a draft of oxygen, just as we used the bellows to get the fire going in the fireplace. Later, that pedler sold us some red powder to put in the oil, which was supposed to keep it from exploding. It looked awful pretty in the lamp.

All the farmers who had lightning-rods bought that red powder. But one evening, when we were all sitting around getting our lessons or thinking of what a beautiful light we had, that lamp began to sputter.

¶ The flame shot up, and down!

My father grabbed the thing at peril of his life. He rushed for the door and flung the lamp into the darkness. When it struck the ground it exploded like a cannon. Anyway, it seemed so.

There was a great flash of light followed by the blackest darkness you ever saw.

It was a severe loss, but then we were thankful the lamp did n't explode in the house, and work sad havoc.

The next lamp we got, we watched with one eye, when we read, in order to catch it in time if it got a-going. The really wise people in our country never used lamps at all. They preferred candles and inward peace. Their argument was they would live longer, even if they did n't know so much. The measure of civilization is its consumption of illuminant and lubricant. Light stands for knowledge and wisdom. A lubricant symbol movement, speed—power applied in safety. Savages go to bed at sundown, but a growing, evolving, studious people do not find the day long enough, so they read, study, plan and work at night.

In Shakespeare's time, and for over a hundred years after, London streets were not lighted.

Darkness shrouded the town, and folks who had valuables, or valued their occiput, on venturing out at night were convoyed by a watchman carrying a stout stave and lanthorn.

Literature means light on the path—the thoughts of men who have lived, loved, succeeded or bravely failed.

Literature turns its light on the dead past and makes it live again. Letters shed their radiance upon life's open road and make existence beautiful and bright. The men who live in history are simply those whose names are entwined in books.

¶ The evening lamp brings the family together, and well does Lecky, the great historian, say: "Cheap light and books in abundance go hand in hand; and as men more and more desire to know, so do they more and more demand good light. By the study-lamp they meet and mingle their ideas. The men who have

supplied the world a better physical light should be honored with those who have lighted up the dark recesses of the human brain, and bade fear, ignorance and superstition begone."



## CAMPARARI'S AUTOGRAPH



IGNOR CAMPARARI sang at Worcester, Massachusetts, a few weeks ago.

In Worcester there are many autograph fiends. And the fiends were warm upon the trail of Camparari. Now there is only one thing that distresses a tenor more than to be chased by autograph fiends, and that is not to be chased by autograph fiends.

A lady-fiend waylaid Camparari as he was leaving the theater, and flashed a miracle in full levant and gold with a

nickel-plated clasp. "Signor Camparari," said the lady-fiend in a gurgle, "I did so enjoy hearing your music, and now will you oblige me by putting your name in my album? Here is a fountain pen."

¶ The Signor took the pen and wrote as follows:

OH HELL!

A.CAMPARARI.

And the lady-fiend was pleased beyond words—cavorting gleefully, and hieing to rivals in order to show her treasure and make them jealous.

~ ~ ~

'DÉED HE DID!



SHORT time ago an Honest Swede walked into the office of that Good Philistine, Col. Charles H. Gifford of Jamestown, N. Y., and asked that a mortgage be drawn up for him.

"Very well," said Charlie, "I suppose you have sold your house and want to take a mortgage back—now just give the papers to my clerk there and we will see that all is fixed up right!"

"Me? I have inte sold no house—I've bought a house!" explained the Swede.

¶ "Oh, I see," said Charlie, "then you want a deed, not a mortgage—you made what we call a pilsus linguæ—a slip of the tongue. Of course you want the title passed upon?"

"I've bought a house and I no want a deed!" roared the Swede, "I want a mortgage!"


Now Col. Gifford is a perfect gentleman and a Vestryman in the Episcopal Church, but he will break over a little once in a great while. He was just getting ready to go out that morning and the obstinate manner of that ignorant alien nettled him a trifle.

"Now don't be a dam fool, you Nels Peterson—Swedish movement cure—degenerate son of a viking bold—if you have bought a house you want a deed not a mortgage, a deed I say! see?"

"No, I don't see," said the foreigner, "I had a house vonce and a deed for it and a feller came along vat had a mortgage and took my house, and this time I want a mortgage—see you'self, so!"

~\*~\*~

## PHRASES IN ELECTRO

R. ZANGWILL has compiled a book which fills a long felt want, just as surely as Cave-of-the-Winds and Ragged Haggard want a long felt fill.

Mr. Zangwill's book is to the writer of plays what the rhyming dictionary is for the poet. The work is made up of



two hundred phrases, from which the author declares any youth who is not feeble minded, can make a play that will run one hundred nights at any New York theater. There are directions for putting the paragraphs together, so you can set up anything you want like Noah's Ark.

¶ Here are a few of the expressions, all in electrotype, at so much per inch, with regular discount to the trade.

1. My God! then it is really true.
2. Aha, aha! I see, so there are two kinds of honor—one for the rich and one for the poor.
3. You will not sell the old farm and turn us adrift, will you? (tremolo)
4. Had my love for you been less I would not have sinned more. (Set this up backwards if desired.)
5. Come now, we have not a moment to lose.
6. You will go to that cottage in the wood

and knock three times; an old man will appear who will show you the secret path.

7. In this casket I feel sure will be found the secret of my birth.

8. Here is the money—it was I who took it—and she is innocent.

~ ~ ~

## HIS UMPS SAVES THE DAY

**W**HEN I speak well, as I occasionally do, I know a dozen words ahead just exactly how these words are to be expressed.

Last week at Pittsburgh I reached a point in my lecture where I usually give a certain quotation, and this quotation was so familiar to me that I neglected to formulate it in my mind before voicing it. In other words I ran right up on it a-tilt, without taking a good look at it,

and when I got to it I was looking down in the auditorium at a big hat all covered with nodding roses, the whole as big as a bushel basket. And for the life of me the quotation would not come at my bidding. I grasped for it in mid-air, gasped, coughed—it was no use. The circuit between me and the listeners was broken. The audience was away off there, a goggle-eyed, staring monster, spread out over a hundred feet—just staring at me, little me dressed in black, standing all alone on a big platform.

The room seemed to be teetering up and down, and then it began to swirl.

I dived for my quotation, but brought up the wrong one, when from the back of the room came a stentorian voice, thus: "Two Strikes!"

There was a grim silence, just as you see a gun fired from a mile away and then hear the report.

Then came a wild burst of applause and laughter from the audience, and in it I, too, joined. The self-appointed umpire had saved the day.

I seized the quotation firmly by the collar, and all the rest of my speech as well. And the lesson taught me was this: Don't be too sure.

.. ..

## LINCOLN STORY


**I**N the dark days of the War, good men without number came forward and advised Lincoln how to settle the difficulty. One of these was a New York clergyman, who, bringing a letter from Horace Greeley was duly admitted.

Lincoln listened to his well-meant vapors for about fifteen minutes, and then broke in gently with this: "Friend, you

remind me of a man in Chicago—may I tell you a little anecdote about him?”

“I would be much pleased to hear about him, Mr. President,” replied the clergyman. And Lincoln told this:

“Well, this man in Chicago never had done a day’s work in his life, and having no business of his own had plenty of time to meditate. So one day he thought out a wonderful scheme for making a million dollars before night.

“He hastened down-town, fearing the details of his plan would escape him and laid the whole matter before a sure-enough wheat speculator, offering him half the profit—a kind of driftwood contract 

“The wheat man listened and then said to the man, ‘You should let all such ideas alone—my advice is for you to go right home and attend strictly to your own business.’

“ ‘But,’ said the man, ‘ I have no business!’ ”

“ ‘Well, in that case, get one—no matter what it is, get a business and attend to it.’ ”

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## LILACS DANGEROUS

**I**N a late issue of this bibliozine I entered a protest against any man with whiskers running an automobile. A score of ladies, and as many ladylike men, have written me a feminine, “ Why? ” One such postal card comes from Albany and is signed with the initials C. E. H.

Also, Hugh Chalmers writes me that he had just sold a Chalmers-Detroit, Four-Forty, to a disciple of John Alexander Dowie, but the party saw the September PHILISTINE and canceled the order.

Hugh says that I should be served with an injunction under the Hepburn Bill for interfering with Interstate Commerce, and acting in restraint of trade.

Now, I have a high regard for both Hugh and Hughes. They are great men, but unscientific. So I'll have to explain that the action of the breeze, playing through the spinach, which acts as a brush, sets up a positive current of electricity that in certain instances, coming in contact with a negative poll, or one with a toupee, short-circuits the lilacs, and blows up the gasoline-tank. The same principle has been noted in the case of jack rabbits in Colorado running so fast that their hair was singed by the friction of the atmosphere.

Parties having doubts about the truth of my warning should write to Steinmetz Himself, of Schenectady, for he it was who first made me wise to the facts.

## PLEASE BE SEATED!



SOME years ago one Prof. Jarrett Bendell of Harvard did himself the honor of reading one of my daily themes. Straightway he sent for me, and on being ushered into the Presence I stood first on one foot then on t' other, and rolled my hat in a vain hope of giving an impression of the humility which I did not feel.

Finally the ass opened its mouth and spake: I was told that my work was totally lacking in tout ensemble, you know—that I would never make a writer, that I should be a tiller of the soil, an agrarian, an agriculturist, a buckwheat, a farmer.

"But," said I, "I have been a farmer, and having made a success of it I aspire to a higher life. I sold my farm, Kind Sir, to a Natural Son of a Dutch Burgo-



master who is now happy in his environment; while I never was. Mine is the experimental life; all we do things for anyway is just for the exercise of our faculties, and I am trying to bring into play as many of my mental muscles as possible. Emerson, you are aware, says, 'I would have every man rich that he might know the worthlessness of riches.' I am convinced of the logic of the remark and have come to college to find out how little a college education is really worth. I do not take my literary aspirations seriously—nor yours—it is just an attempt at expression, for all life is expression. So I pray you, waive the advice as to occupation and criticise my theme."

Prof. Dumbell heard my little speech, and before I had finished was so shocked at my temerity that he looked up at me and as his jaw dropped, his sheroot availed itself of Newton's Law of Gravi-

tation and slid down his shirt bosom, inside his vest. In an instant the Professor was dancing dervish steps all over the room, fighting fire.

I asked him if I should turn in an alarm, and he told me to go to hell. But soon composure was restored through my holding firm to the thought that fire is only a belief of mortal mind, anyway, and that a right mental attitude can control all material conditions.

At last the Professor asked me to be seated. I accepted the invitation and we had a real nice little chat about this and that.

In some way this small encounter with the Boyleston Assistant Professor of Rhetoric, and his surprise, made me think of Laurence Sterne who, one stormy evening in Paris, out of the goodness of his heart, picked up a dwarf and carried him, in his arms, across the muddy street. Sterne

always felt a kindly interest toward children, and as he set the dwarf down on dry land, he asked pleasantly, "How old are you, my little boy?"

"Forty-seven, last June, Sir," came the answer in a deep bass voice. And the Rev. Laurence Sterne fell backward over an inconvenient hydrant. When he had gotten up, and found his watch gone, and the dwarf, too, he was thoroughly convinced that the wind is sometimes tempered to the shorn lamb and sometimes it is n't.



## FRA FOSTER



HERE are several things in New Jersey beside mosquitoes, Jersey justice, Jersey lightning, and Presidential timber.

Came to Roycroft not long ago a young

man by the name of M. B. Foster, from the town of Elmer, New Jersey.

He had three grips—one on his dignity, one for his clothing, and the other grip was full of snakes.

They seemed like kindly, gracious, generous snakes, filled with frogs and right intent.

Some of these snakes were black, with yellow spots on them, and underneath they were yellow, fading off into russet browns. Others were pink, with art-colored geometric studies. A few were green, and one was a bright purple.

Snakes take on local color. Also, they are of different colors at different times of the year.

In time snakes will become an extinct product in America. They are very few now as compared to what there were thirty, forty, fifty and a hundred years ago. Civilization is at war with the snake,

and deep in the heart of man is a prejudice against this pleasing "insect." But to a great degree the snake has been libeled. No snake is as bad as he is painted. Snakes are just as much afraid of man as man is of snakes. There is a reason! ¶ There was a snake in Paradise, and Omar Khayyam states plainly who it was placed the snake there. Paradise without the snake would not be Paradise. We have to have something by way of contrast to supply artistic accent. Before the days of Adam and Eve, the snake, we are told, walked on its tail, and then was compelled to travel longitudinally, or horizontally, not upidicular, by way of punishment for being too fresh. ¶ In any event, the snake is much safer when crawling and wriggling along on the ground than if he walked upright like a man, so the change was n't wholly bad—nothing is.

**M**ANY snakes have rudimentary legs that can be found under the skin. Nature evidently has tried every possible plan for producing life, and the snake is a sort of second cousin to the newt and the lizard.

The crocodile, or, as he is familiarly called in the Congo, the "Croc," is a lizard with a college education. All of these animals seem to belong to an extinct age. They are rudimentary survivals, like the kangaroo, the beaver, the calico dress and the fascinator.

There are only three kinds of venomous snakes in America, and these are not found in the Northern States except on very rare occasions.

There are thirteen varieties of rattlesnakes. The garter-snakes, bull-snakes, blacksnakes, rat-snakes and snake-snakes are not venomous. Snakes that run out their tongues and hiss do not possess

stingers, as we were told in our youth. No such thing as a stinger in a snake exists. The snake's tongue is a wireless, sensitive apparatus by which the snake hears and realizes the approach of the enemy. The wiggling of his tongue is not for the purpose of threat, but is used solely for his own private information, to catch the etheric vibrations.

Also, there are snakes in Ireland.

Fra Foster went out with our girls and boys in the woods at Roycroft, and caught several snakes, and proved that, so far as he was concerned, they were absolutely harmless, and, in fact, could soon be tamed.

**F**RA FOSTER is a thin, small, slender little fellow with a bulging brow and bright-blue eyes. He is very mild, very gentle, and very animated on the subject of snakes.

Fra Foster, of Elmer, New Jersey, is an expert on all questions pertaining to these peculiar, strange little brothers that creep, crawl, run, skim and swim. He has made friends with them.

I have written a little vaudeville sketch for Fra Foster, and if Martin Beck proves true to his colors, the snake-man will do a little stunt on the Orpheum Circuit this Fall which will be unique in its way.

My sketch pictures him as a naturalist, which, of course, he is. He wears a snake for a necktie, another for a belt, a horned toad is used for a watch-fob, and a turtle is on his manly breast for a badge.

The entire scene takes place in the office of a hotel. A colored man brings down the baggage from Room Number Twenty-three, and not being sure that he has the right luggage, opens one of the grips for Afro-American inspection—and the snakes escape.



The disappearance of the colored man into space, and the scene that follows between the naturalist and the hotel-clerk, afford the *piece de resistance*, as it were.

The hotel-clerk rings up the police, and before the hurry-up wagon arrives, the wonderful blonde girl with the wealth of golden hair, who always presides at the cigar-stand, comes forward and takes the part of the snakeologist, whom she knew and was separated from some years before.

¶ Her faith in the naturalist is instantaneous, and when a girl believes in a man, she believes in all of his ambitions, aims, aspirations—and snakes. And so this girl with the golden crown, relieved of all fear by love's glad acclaim, turns to and helps catch the reptiles.

The policeman enters, and thinks that he has 'em.

He hesitates to make the arrest, and accuses the hotelman for violating the

excise. The hotel-door is hastily locked by the girl with the golden crown, in order to keep the properties of the scientist from escaping.

The policeman can not get out to join the colored man, much as he would like to.

**N**O vaudeville sketch is complete without the telephone, of course, and so we have the telephone worked overtime by the policeman. And it seems that on his second call, instead of getting the hurry-up wagon, by accident he calls for a minister, and asks that he will come on the run without delay, as the case is urgent.

The golden girl, to show the policeman and the hotel-clerk that nothing is dangerous, when your mind is rightly poised and focused on beautiful things, decorates herself with the varmint. A tame crow perches itself on the head of the dominie

as soon as he arrives; a white dove liberated from the pockets of the naturalist, alights on the head of the golden girl; and small turtles are distributed as souvenirs among the guests, who have by this time pushed their way in from the elevator and other parts of the building.

The graphophone in the corner is doing its perfect work, duly started with a lead nickel, and plays the Wedding March from Lohengrin. All ends happily as the door is opened and the policeman slides out for fresh air.

In the meantime, some one has rung in a fire-alarm, and the clatter of the horses can be heard coming up the street. But the hotel-clerk calls to them out of the window, informing them that it is all over. So ends the sketch.

The beauty of this playlet lies in the fact that it utilizes properties which so far have been more or less overlooked. And

certain it is that any man who can wear a snake for a necktie, a turtle for a badge, and have frogs, newts, lizards and toads in his pants' pockets so as to present to his kind for tips, is bound to secure the respect of the boy in the gallery and the gratitude of the booking-office.



## GENE AND STEVE



UT in Terre Haute, which is in the State of Indiana, the Literary Zone of America, live two great men, and fairly good. One is Eugene V. Debs; the other man is Stephen Marion Reynolds.

When God made Stevie he neglected to retouch the negative. Stevie looks like a historic ruin. His face is the homeliest mug you ever clapped peepers upon. To say the man is pretty would be a lie

in your throat; but to say he has pulchritude plus would be to tell the truth. Stevie's face is so homely it is attractive. It is the countenance of a man to confide in. If you were in sore need you would ask of this man, knowing you would never be turned empty away. Grief and hell have 'graved their lines deep upon his face; and from the furrowed depths a soul shines out that is illumined.

Soon you discover that the grief is not of a personal sort, for nothing is so selfish as the spirit that clutches and recounts its heartaches. Stevie Reynolds' grief is that of a brooding world-sorrow that never thinks of self. His heart goes out to humanity. He is the most unselfish man I ever met. He wants nothing—he gives everything. He is an honest man, and therefore is a monopolist, being without serious competition.

In his essay, "On Going to Church,"

Bernard Shaw speaks of the "pale malignant rigidity of set faces, caused by a continued suppression of all emotion." Faces like those of Clarence Darrow, Eugene Debs, Stephen Reynolds, Jane Addams, Keir Hardie, are maps of great loves, noble griefs, supreme disappointments and hopes that never die.

The Reynold's Family Robinson of Terre Haute is as unique a group of intellectuals as you will find in America. They live in a fine old-time mansion, called, "The Red House." The place is never locked. There are a hundred chairs piled to the ceiling in the hallway, and when a speaker of worth comes along the two big parlors are thrown open and the chairs placed. The Red House is a radiating center of Socialistic Light.

There are couches used for beds, seemingly all over the place, and the visitor who comes late simply thanks God, and

tumbles into the first bed he finds vacant. It is the unwritten law, however, that you are to leave things in as good order as you found them, so each guest makes up his bed and puts the room to rights. ¶ There are no servants, because in the Co-operative Commonwealth we shall all wait on ourselves—and others. At the table when you are through you pile up your dishes and carry them to the kitchen. The men folks wash the dishes and do most of the cooking, which by the way is very simple, and slightly slap-dash. Breakfast consists of one dish—steamed wheat and dates. This steamed whole wheat is a delightful food and very cheap, withal. In the packaged breakfast foods you pay for packages and advertising—two things which Utopia will omit. A bushel of wheat will feed twenty people a week. Of course there is cream to add, and sugar, and coffee if you insist.

Lunch consisted of two dishes, a Spanish Omelet, piping hot, and a fruit salad. Add a slice of brown bread and it is an ample and sufficient meal for any one.

¶ Supper was a little more the regular thing indulged in by White Folks.

Equality prevails, and no woman at the Red House has to importune male man for money. There is a soup-plate on the mantel half full of silver and dollar bills. Each one of the family takes what he needs and no more.

As for the dress of both men and women, it is plain—and comfortable, but not expressed in fancy. The women were clothed so they could reach high, or kick high. There was a row of reefers on the rack, and I noticed that these were worn by men or women alike, as their needs required.

Books were everywhere and pictures but a few—and these were of the best.



Good-cheer, banter, challenge and frankness marked the conversation. If you spoke, you were supposed to say something, otherwise there was the merry ha! ha! or chilling silence.

To live in such a house with such people is a liberal education. It puts one on his good behavior, and brings out only the best. You can be a grump and a grouch in a family, but not in a group.

On the flight of the Red Special, it was often necessary to arrange overflow meetings. Where Debs could not appear—on account of that absurd physical law which provides that a body can not be in two places at one time—Stevie was sent to announce the unwelcome news, and instruct, amuse and kid the crowd. It was a most trying and ungrateful task. But Steve could smile at the sneers; face the frowns; and in a few minutes the mob would begin to wonder what so homely

a man might have to say. And this was Steve's chance; he would throw the lariat of his imagination over the obstreperous ones and hog-tie them with his quiet, persuasive presence.

On one such occasion he was hissed. Cat-calls greeted his words, and a small cross-section of seismic disturbance answered his message. For fifteen minutes Steve stood his ground, and then the audience gave in. He began to talk, and the fact is, he talks remarkably well. An audience is always with a man who can master it—an audience is a woman.

And lo! just as Steve had gotten the crowd on the run, from the back of the stage in walked Debs himself. The audience caught sight of the leader and up went a shout that drowned Steve's logic in forty thousand fathoms.

That night Steve, grief-stricken, looked at 'Gene and said, "I say, Comrade,

that was a nasty trick you played me!"  
¶ And Debs, full of apologies and regret that he should have done anything to hurt such a gentle soul as Stevie, was all solicitude and apology.

"You busted up my speech,"—said Steve reproachfully.

"Oh, Stevie, I am so sorry—I never once thought, it was so stupid of me—I'll never do so rude a thing again!"

And Steve not at all appeased continued, "Now, just suppose you were speaking and you had your audience well under control, and I should put my head in the stage door!"

And everybody roared but Debs—he never saw it.

Debs is a very superior man. He is more than an agitator, for he has a generous, welling heart of love. The years have tamed him and educated him. His graduation from Unionism was a great stride

in advance. The union is exclusive—it sets class against class. Debs knows this. Now he would make us all free. He is as sensitive as an Aeolian harp played upon by the summer breeze. Steve Reynolds is just as fine, and in some respects perhaps knows more.

Of the purity of motive of these men there is not the shadow of a doubt. They are ninety-nine one hundredths fine.

If they were fair samples of Marxian Socialism we would have the thing here and now.

But the fact is, they are very exceptional individuals.

There are two kinds of Socialists: those who wish to give and those who desire to grab.

To vote out the men who now control the tools of trade and put the property into the hands of the untried and inexperienced would bring about anarchy, and

not dehorned, peaceful anarchy, either. Instantly, there would be a grand scramble among Socialists for place and power; then there would be mob rule, and the civil war. And out of the bloody bedlam would emerge the strong and conscienceless man—say Alexander, Napoleon Bonaparte, Fingy Connors or Teddy Rex, and proclaim peace with Gatling guns.

The gallows-tree would bear fruit, and 'Gene Debs and Steve Reynolds would swing and dangle between earth and sky. Their success would be their undoing. The rank and file of Marxian Socialists are flighty, impatient, erratic, unsafe and incompetent. Having nothing to lose they sign themselves, "Yours for the Revolution." They look upon Socialism as a quick means of recovering their battered fortunes. They are animated by jealousy and prompted by greed. Their sense of honor is microscopic. Their ideal is eight

dollars a day and work from ten to four, without an overseer or foreman. Their hot intent is less work and more pay. They resent supervision. They talk Co-operation but stand for hate and dissolution. They throw down their tools in the middle of the morning and walk out, all beautifully unmindful of the fact that you have orders which you have agreed to fill.

Most certainly not all Socialists are shirks, but many shirks are Socialists. I have hired dozens of them, and when they agree to work eight hours they cross their fingers. They know little of obligation and nothing of responsibility. They regard their employer as their enemy. They do not know that a great industrial institution is a matter of conservation, eternal vigilance and sleepless persistency. This talk about bloated bond-holders and millionaires indulging in champagne suppers and exceeding the speed is Number Six

tommyrot. ♣ Your captain of industry works sixteen hours a day, often sweats blood to make up a pay-roll, drinks tea and is satisfied with a baked apple and one egg on toast. He is the man at the helm—chained to Ixion's wheel—and his business is like unto that of Jim Bludsoe, "to hold her nose to the bank, till every galoot is ashore." He is the one man who can not take off his apron, and throw down his tools. Only a free man can do that. Your so-called capitalist has to stay, face the deficit and bear the disgrace of defeat, if defeat it be, and often is.

'Gene and Steve are the great Unpurchasable, but your average Socialist is ready to forsake the "cause" any time he can better his own personal estate. His contempt for the rights of his employer, his inability to carry responsibility, his lack of patience and quick resentment, are all qualities that he

would have with him if he could now slide into the Co-operative Commonwealth. And they are qualities which would blow any Utopia into smithereens in an hour.

I've worked at a Utopian idea for twenty years, and I know that Utopia requires great love, great patience, great industry, economy, persistence and the charity that suffereth long and is kind.

That Hobo Poet, Seymour by name, who committed suicide by jumping into the Ohio River, first sending a letter to the "Chicago Daily Socialist," expressing the hope that his decomposing body would poison the water-supply and kill a hundred Democrats, is typical of one brand of Socialist.

Upton Sinclair, sensitive, sickly, incompetent, impatient, lachrymose, opinionated, censorious, quarrelsome, bickering, is another brand.



And beautiful and gentle in spirit as are 'Gene Debs and Stevie Reynolds—and I admire them both—neither one could manage the New York Central as well as can W. C. Brown; and if they had possession of the Standard Oil Company they would be unable to give the world as good service as it now receives at the hands of John D. Archbold.

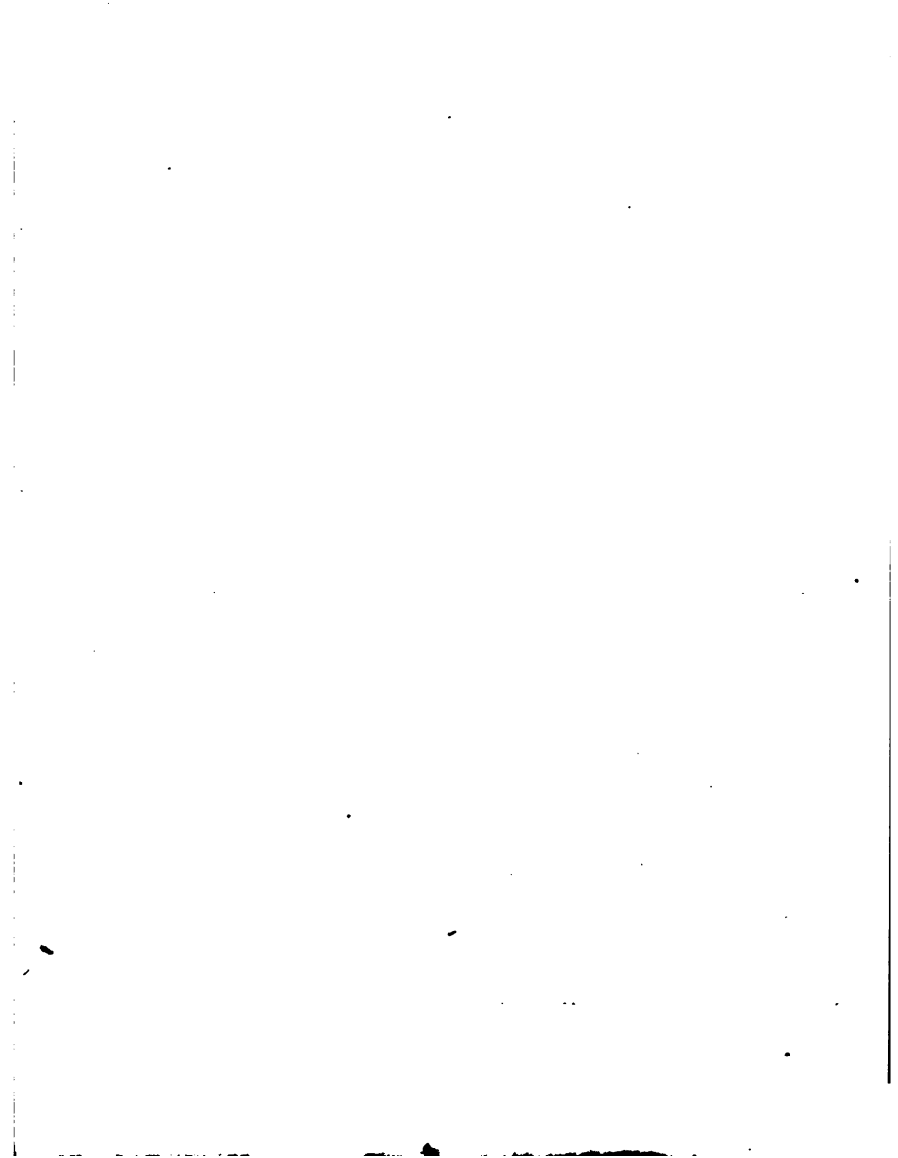
Moreover, they know that what I say is true. And neither of them could or would get under the burden and submit to the slow, patient, plodding labor of managing a big industrial enterprise.

They are agitators; also they are teachers. People who can, do; those who can't, spiel. But the world needs teachers and it needs reformers. 'Gene and Stevie are necessary factors in social evolution as Fabian Socialism—opportunism—is working a sure and steady change, and for this change we are largely indebted to

**Marxian Socialism. 'Gene Debs and Steve Reynolds are educator crackers. They turn on the voltage and make the dry bones dance. I send them blessings, and vibes of comradeship and the hope that never dies, but which nevertheless prefers to stand up and look around and see, rather than stick its head in the sand, rejoice and prophesy.**

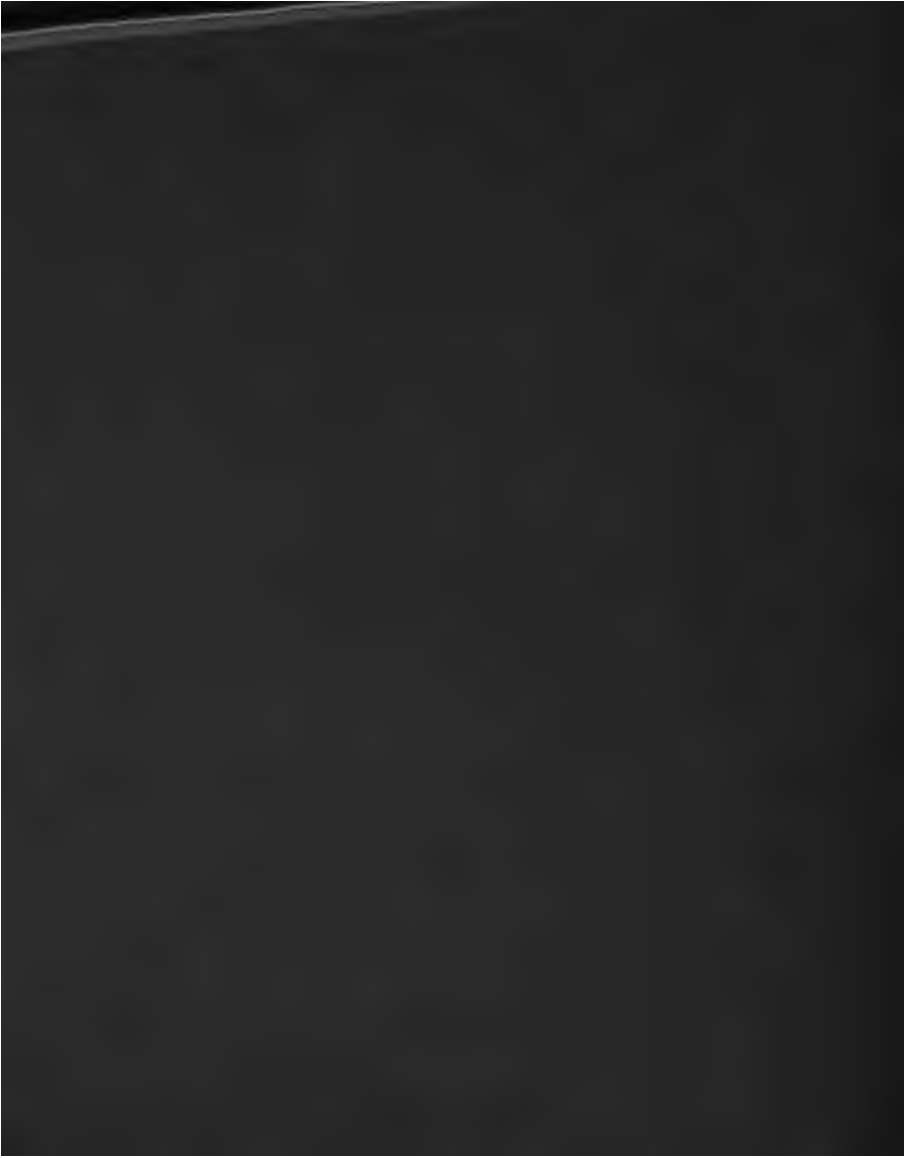
**Jerusalem is not yet! And Jerusalem will never be so long as we get the unkindness, the bitterness, the vituperation and class-hatred that are bellowed forth by that "Appeal to Unreason" from Girard, Kansas.**

**Here then endeth *Queen of the Porch and  
Other Droll Stories*, as written by Elbert  
Hubbard, and done into a printed book  
by The Roycrofters, at their Shops, which  
are in East Aurora, Erie County, New  
York, during the month of August, mcmxx**









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